ROUGH RHYMES OF A PADRE

By

"Woodbine Willie" M.C.

Chaplain to the Forces

EX LIBRIS
Seabury-Western Theological Seminary
λόγος
CURTIS A. WALTEMADE

CURTIS A. WALTEMADE
SEABURY-WESTERN
EVANSTON, ILL.

ROUGH RHYMES OF A PADRE

By "WOODBINE WILLIE"

ROUGH RHYMES OF A PADRE

BY

"WOODBINE WILLIE," M.C., C.F.
AUTHOR OF "THE 'ARDEST PART"

Student Remedy

PR
6037
.T8R7
Seal

NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1918,
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The United Library
Garrett-Evangelical/Seabury-Western Seminaries
2121 Sheridan Road
Evanston, IL 60201

TO

THE OFFICERS AND MEN

of the 46th and 24th Infantry Divisions living here and beyond the veil these rhymes are dedicated by one who is proud to have been

THEIR COMRADE,

G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY,

M.C., C.F.

"Woodbine Willie."

Some of these poems were printed at my request and gained great popularity amongst all ranks in the B.E.F. I feel sure that through these homely verses many a man has come to realise for the first time some deep truth of the Sorrow of God in this world's greatest agony. Mr. Studdert-Kennedy has had experience in all parts of this battle area as a chaplain and knows and loves the men for whom he writes. I wish this little book of poems every success.

LLEWELLYN H. GWYNNE, Bp.,
Deputy Chaplain General.

FRANCE,
January, 1918.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Well?	11
The Sorrow of God	19
Sinner and Saint	27
Prayer Before an Attack	30
To-day Thou shalt be with Me	31
Thy Will be Done	33
The Secret	38
Christmas	40
War	41
A Scrap of Paper	42
A Mother Understands	43
Her Gift	44
Eternal Hope	47
Patience	49
Truth	51
Death	55
Paradise	57

	PAGE
The Spirit	58
The Suffering God	60
Two Worlds	66
English Land in France	68
His Mate	70
April	73
"The Ending of the Day"	75
What's the Good?	77
Right is Might	83
Judgment	87
Wait	91
Trees	92
What are We Fighting for?	94

ROUGH RHYMES OF A PADRE

ROUGH RHYMES OF A PADRE

WELL?

OUR PADRE were a solemn bloke,
We called 'im dismal Jim.
It fairly gave ye t' bloomin' creeps,
To sit and 'ark at 'im,
When he were on wi' Judgment Day,
Abaht that great white Throne,
And 'ow each chap would 'ave to stand,
And answer on 'is own.
And if 'e tried to charnce 'is arm,
And 'ide a single sin,
There'd be the angel Gabriel,
Wi' books to do 'im in.
'E 'ad it all writ dahn, 'e said,
And nothin' could be 'id,
'E 'ad it all i' black and white,
And 'E would take no kid.
And every single idle word,
A soldier charnced to say,

'E'd 'ave it all thrown back at 'im,
I' court on Judgment Day.
Well I kep' mindin' Billy Briggs,
A pal o' mine what died.
'E went to 'elp our sergeant Smith,
But as 'e reached 'is side,
There came and bust atween 'is legs,
A big Boche 5·9 pill.
And I picked up 'is corpril's stripes,
That's all there was o' Bill.
I called to mind a stinkin' night
When we was carryin' tea.
We went round there by Limerick Lane,
And Bill was a'ead o' me.
'Twere rainin' 'eavens 'ard, ye know,
And t' boards were thick wi' muck,
And umpteen times we slithered dahn,
And got the dicksee stuck.
Well when we got there by the switch,
A loose board tipped right up,
And Bill, 'e turned a somersault,
And dahn 'e came, and whup!
I've 'eard men blind, I've 'eard 'em cuss
And I've 'eard 'em do it 'ard,

Well 'aven't I 'eard our R.S.M.,
Inspectin' special guard.
But Bill, 'e left 'im standin' still.
'E turned the black night blue,
And I guess the Angel Gabriel
'Ad short'and work to do.
Well 'ow would poor old Bill go on,
When 'e stood all alone,
And 'ad to 'ear that tale read out,
Afore the great white throne?
If what our Padre says is right,
'E'd 'ave a rotten spell,
And finish up ov it, I s'pose,
'E'd 'ave to go to 'ell.
And yet 'e were a decent lad,
And met a decent end,
You'll never finish decenter,
Than tryin' to 'elp a friend.
But some'ow I can't think it's right,
It ain't what God would do.
This tale of all these record books,
I thinks it's all napoo.
'Twould let some rotten beggars in,
And keep some good 'uns out,

There's lots of blokes, what does no wrong,
As can't do nowt but shout.
But t'other night I dreamed a dream,
And just twixt me and you,
I never dreamed like that afore,
I arf thinks it were true.
I dreamed as I were dead, ye see,
At least as I 'ad died,
For I were very much alive,
Out there on t'other side.
I couldn't see no judgment court,
Nor yet that great white throne,
I couldn't see no record books,
I seemed to stand alone.
I seemed to stand alone, beside
A solemn kind o' sea.
Its waves they got in my inside,
And touched my memory.
And day by day, and year by year,
My life came back to me.
I see'd just what I were, and what
I'd 'ad the charnce to be.

And all the good I might 'a' done,
An' 'adn't stopped to do.
I see'd I'd made an 'ash of it,
And Gawd! but it were true.
A throng o' faces came and went,
Afore me on that shore,
My wife, and Mother, kiddies, pals,
And the face of a London whore.
And some was sweet, and some was sad,
And some put me to shame,
For the dirty things I'd done to 'em,
When I 'adn't played the game.
Then in the silence someone stirred,
Like when a sick man groans,
And a kind o' shivering chill ran through
The marrer ov my bones.
And there before me someone stood,
Just lookin' dahn at me,
And still be'ind 'Im moaned and moaned
That everlasting sea.
I couldn't speak, I felt as though
'E 'ad me by the throat,
'Twere like a drownin' fellah feels,
Last moment 'e's afloat.

And 'E said nowt, 'E just stood still,
For I dunno 'ow long.
It seemed to me like years and years,
But time out there's all wrong.
What was 'E like? You're askin' now.
Can't word it anyway.
'E just were 'Im, that's all I knows.
There's things as words can't say.
It seemed to me as though 'Is face,
Were millions rolled in one.
It never changed yet always changed,
Like the sea beneath the sun.
'Twere all men's face yet no man's face,
And a face no man can see,
And it seemed to say in silent speech,
'Ye did 'em all to me.
'The dirty things ye did to them,
'The filth ye thought was fine,
'Ye did 'em all to me,' it said,
'For all their souls were mine.'
All eyes was in 'Is eyes,—all eyes,
My wife's and a million more.
And once I thought as those two eyes
Were the eyes of the London whore.

And they was sad,—My Gawd 'ow sad,
With tears that seemed to shine,
And quivering bright wi' the speech o' light,
They said, ''Er soul was mine.'
And then at last 'E said one word,
'E just said one word 'Well?'
And I said in a funny voice,
'Please can I go to 'Ell?'
And 'E stood there and looked at me,
And 'E kind o' seemed to grow,
Till 'E shone like the sun above my 'ead,
And then 'E answered 'No
'You can't, that 'Ell is for the blind,
'And not for those that see.
'You know that you 'ave earned it, lad,
'So you must follow me.
'Follow me on by the paths o' pain,
'Seeking what you 'ave seen,
'Until at last you can build the "Is,"
'Wi' the bricks o' the "Might 'ave been."'
That's what 'E said, as I'm alive,
And that there dream were true.

But what 'E meant,—I don't quite know,
  Though I knows what I 'as to do.
I's got to follow what I's seen,
  Till this old carcase dies.
For I daren't face in the land o' grace,
  The sorrow ov those eyes.
There ain't no throne, and there ain't no
    books,
  It's 'Im you've got to see,
It's 'Im, just 'Im, that is the Judge
  Of blokes like you and me.
And boys I'd sooner frizzle up,
  I' the flames of a burning 'Ell,
Than stand and look into 'Is face,
  And 'ear 'Is voice say—'*Well?*'

THE SORROW OF GOD

A Sermon in a Billet

YES, I used to believe i' Jesus Christ
And I used to go to Church,
But sin' I left 'ome and came to France,
I've been clean knocked off my perch.
For it seemed orlright at 'ome, it did,
To believe in a God above
And in Jesus Christ 'Is only son
What died on the Cross through Love.
When I went for a walk of a Sunday morn
On a nice fine day in the spring,
I could see the proof o' the living God
In every living thing.
For 'ow could the grass and the trees grow up,
All along o' their bloomin' selves?
Ye might as well believe i' the fairy tales
And think they was made by elves.
So I thought as that long 'aired atheist
Were nubbat a silly sod.

For 'ow did 'e count for my brussels sprouts
If 'e didn't believe i' God.
But it ain't the same out 'ere, ye know.
It's as different as chalk fro' cheese,
For 'arf on it's blood and t'other 'arf's mud,
And I'm damned if I really sees
'Ow the God, who 'as made such a cruel world,
Can 'ave Love in 'Is 'eart for men,
And be deaf to the cries of the men as dies
And never comes 'ome again.
Just look at that little boy corporal there,
Such a fine upstanding lad,
Wi' a will ov 'is own and a way ov 'is own,
And a smile ov 'is own, 'e 'ad.
An hour ago he were bustin' wi' life,
Wi' 'is actin' and foolin' and fun;
'E were simply the life on us all, 'e were.
Now look what the blighters 'a done.
Look at 'im lyin' there all ov a 'eap,
Wi' the blood soaken over 'is 'ead,
Like a beautiful picture spoiled by a fool,
A bundle o' nothin'—dead.
And it ain't only 'im—there's a mother at 'ome,
And 'e were the pride of 'er life.

For it's women as pays in a thousand ways
For the madness o' this 'ere strife.
And the lovin' God 'E looks down on it all,
On the blood and the mud and the smell.
O God, if it's true, 'ow I pities you,
For ye must be livin' i' 'ell.
You must be livin' i' 'ell all day,
And livin' i' 'ell all night.
I'd rather be dead, wi' a 'ole through my 'ead,
I would, by a dam long sight,
Than be livin' wi' you on your 'eavenly throne,
Lookin' down on yon bloody 'eap
That were once a boy full o' life and joy,
And 'earin' 'is mother weep.
The sorrows o' God mun be 'ard to bear
If 'E really 'as Love in 'Is 'eart,
And the 'ardest part i' the world to play
Mun surely be God's part.
And I wonder if that's what it really means,
That Figure what 'angs on the Cross.
I remember I seed one t'other day
As I stood wi' the captain's 'oss.

I remember, I thinks, thinks I to mysel',
It's a long time since 'E died,
Yet the world don't seem much better to-day
Then when 'E were crucified.
It's allus the same, as it seems to me,
The weakest mun go to the wall,
And whether 'e's right or whether 'e's wrong,
It don't seem to matter at all.
The better ye are and the 'arder it is,
The 'arder ye 'ave to fight,
It's a cruel 'ard world for any bloke
What does the thing as is right.
And that's 'ow 'E came to be crucified,
For that's what 'E tried to do.
'E were allus a tryin' to do 'Is best
For the likes o' me and you.
Well, what if 'E came to the earth to-day,
Came walkin' about this trench,
'Ow 'Is 'eart would bleed for the sights 'E seed,
I' the mud and the blood and the stench.
And I guess it would finish 'Im up for good
When 'E came to this old sap end,

And 'E seed that bundle o' nothin' there,
For 'E wept at the grave ov 'Is friend.
And they say 'E were just the image o' God.
I wonder if God sheds tears,
I wonder if God can be sorrowin' still
And 'as been all these years.
I wonder if that's what it really means,
Not only that 'E once died,
Not only that 'E came once to the earth
And wept and were crucified?
Not just that 'E suffered once for all
To save us from our sins,
And then went up to 'Is throne on 'igh
To wait till 'Is 'eaven begins.
But what if 'E came to the earth to show,
By the paths o' pain that 'E trod,
The blistering flame of eternal shame
That burns in the heart o' God?
O God, if that's 'ow it really is,
Why, bless ye, I understands,
And I feels for You wi' Your thorn-crowned 'ead
And your ever piercèd 'ands.
But why don't ye bust the show to bits
And force us to do your will?

Why ever should God be suffering so
And man be sinning still?
Why don't ye make your voice ring out
And drown these cursed guns?
Why don't ye stand with an outstretched hand,
Out there 'twixt us and the 'Uns?
Why don't ye force us to end the war
And fix up a lasting peace?
Why don't ye will that the world be still
And wars for ever cease?
That's what I'd do, if I was you,
And I had a lot of sons
What squabbled and fought and spoilt their 'ome
Same as us boys and the 'Uns.
And yet, I remember, a lad o' mine,
'E's fightin' now on the sea,
And 'e were a thorn in 'is mother's side
And the plague o' my life to me.
Lord, 'ow I used to swish that lad
Till 'e fairly yelped wi' pain,
But fast as I thrashed one devil out
Another popped in again.

And at last, when 'e grew up a strappin' lad,
'E ups and 'e says to me,
'My will's my own and my life's my own,
And I'm goin', Dad, to sea.'
And 'e went, for I 'adn't broke 'is will,
Though Gawd knows 'ow I tried.
And 'e never set eyes on my face again
Till the day as 'is mother died.
Well, maybe, that's 'ow it is wi' God,
'Is sons 'ave got to be free;
Their wills are their own, and their lives
their own,
And that's 'ow it 'as to be.
So the Father God goes sorrowing still
For 'Is world what 'as gone to sea,
But 'E runs up a light on Calvary's 'ight
That beckons to you and me.
The beacon light of the sorrow of God
'As been shinin' down the years,
A flashin' its light through the darkest
night
Of our 'uman blood and tears.
There's a sight o' things what I thought
was strange,
As I'm just beginnin' to see.

'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these
Ye 'ave done it unto me.'
So it isn't just only the crown o' thorns
What 'as pierced and torn God's 'ead;
'E knows the feel ov a bullet, too,
And 'E's 'ad 'Is touch o' the lead.
And 'E's standin' wi' me in this 'ere sap,
And the corporal stands wiv 'Im,
And the eyes of the laddie is shinin' bright,
But the eyes of the Christ burn dim.
O, laddie, I thought as ye'd done for me
And broke my 'eart wi' your pain.
I thought as ye'd taught me that God were dead,
But ye've brought 'Im to life again.
And ye've taught me more of what God is
Than I ever thought to know,
For I never thought 'E could come so close
Or that I could love 'Im so.
For the voice of the Lord, as I 'ears it now,
Is the voice of my pals what bled,
And the call of my country's God to me
Is the call of my country's dead.

SINNER AND SAINT

A Sermon in a Billet

OUR PADRE, 'e says I'm a sinner,
And John Bull says I'm a saint,
And they're both of 'em bound to be liars,
For I'm neither of them, I ain't.
I'm a man, and a man's a mixture,
Right down from 'is very birth,
For part ov 'im comes from 'eaven,
And part ov 'im comes from earth.
There's nothing in man that's perfect,
And nothing that's all complete;
'E's nubbat a big beginning,
From 'is 'ead to the soles of 'is feet.
There's summat as draws 'im uppards,
And summat as drags 'im down,
And the consekence is, 'e wobbles,
'Twixt muck and a golden crown.
Ye remember old Billy Buggins,
That sargint what lorst 'is stripes?

Well, 'e were a bloomin' 'ero,
A daisy to scrap, but cripes!
That bloke were a blinkin' mixture,
Of all that were good and bad,
For 'e fairly broke 'is mother's 'eart,
The best friend ever 'e 'ad.
But 'e died at Loos to save a pal,
And that were the other side;
'E killed 'is mother and saved 'is pal,
That's 'ow 'e lived and died.
And that's 'ow it is, it's 'uman,
It's 'eaven and 'ell in one.
There's the 'ell of a scrap in the 'eart of a man,
And that scrap's never done.
The Good and the Bad's at war, ye see,
Same as us boys and the Boche,
And when both gets goin' with all their guns,
There's the Saturday night of a squash.
And it's just the same wi' the nations,
As it is wi' a single man,
There's 'eaven and 'ell in their vitals,
A scrappin' as 'ard as they can.
And England, she 'as it in 'er,
Just same as all o' the rest,

Old England same as us Englishmen,
A mixture o' bad and best.
And that's what I reckon these parsons mean
Wi' their Mission o' 'Pentance and 'Ope,
They want us to wash old England's face clean,
Wi' the grace of Gawd for soap.
And it ain't a bad stunt neither,
For England she oughter be clean,
For the sake of the boys what 'ave fought and died
And their kiddies as might 'a' been.
We can't let it be for nothin'
That our pals 'ave fought and bled,
So, lads, let's look to this washin' up
For the sake o' Christ—and our dead.

PRAYER BEFORE AN ATTACK

IT ain't as I 'opes 'E'll keep me safe
While the other blokes goes down,
It ain't as I wants to leave this world
And wear an 'ero's crown.
It ain't for that as I says my prayers
When I goes to the attack,
But I pray that whatever comes my way
I may never turn me back.
I leaves the matter o' life and death
To the Father who knows what's best,
And I prays that I still may play the man
Whether I turns east or west.
I'd sooner that it were east, ye know,
To Blighty and my gal Sue.
I'd sooner be there, wi' the gold in 'er 'air,
And the skies be'ind all blue.
But still I pray I may do my bit,
And then, if I must turn west,
I'll be unashamed when my name is named,
And I'll find a soldier's rest.

TO-DAY THOU SHALT BE WITH ME

GAWD! 'ow it shoots!
From my 'ead to my boots!
And back to my 'ead again!
You never can tell,
But I don't think 'ell
Can be worse than this blarsted pain.

There's 'eaven and 'ell,
They say so,—Well
I dunnow what they mean.
But it's touch and go,
And I may soon know,
It's funny there's nothin' between.

I've drunk and I've swore,
And the girl next door,
Is a' breakin' 'er 'eart thro' me.
She's a bonny lass,
Gawd damn this gas!
I wonder just where I'll be.

I remembers a day,
When they blazed away,
And they bust up a church to bits:
But the cross still stood,
It were only wood.
This pain—it's givin' me fits.

Aye there it stands,
With its outstretched hands,
And I can't 'elp wonderin' why.
I can't quite see,
Is 'E lookin' at me?
O Gawd, am I goin' to die!

I can't! Not yet!
My Gawd, I sweat!
There's a mist comin' over my eyes.
Christ, let me be,
To-day, with Thee.
You took a *thief* to Paradise!

THY WILL BE DONE

A Sermon in a Hospital

I WERE puzzled about this prayin' stunt,
And all as the parsons say,
For they kep' on sayin', and sayin',
And yet it weren't plain no way.
For they told us never to worry,
But simply to trust in the Lord,
'Ask and ye shall receive,' they said,
And it sounds orlright, but Gawd!
It's a mighty puzzling business,
For it don't allus work that way,
Ye may ask like mad, and ye don't receive,
As I found out t'other day.
I were sittin' me down on my 'unkers,
And 'avin' a pull at my pipe,
And larfin' like fun at a blind old 'Un,
What were 'avin' a try to snipe.

For 'e couldn't shoot for monkey nuts,
The blinkin' bleareyed ass,
So I sits, and I spits, and I 'ums a tune;
And I never thought o' the gas.
Then all of a suddint I jumps to my feet,
For I 'eard the strombos sound,
And I pops up my 'ead a bit over the bags
To 'ave a good look all round.
And there I seed it, comin' across,
Like a girt big yaller cloud,
Then I 'olds my breath, i' the fear o' death,
Till I bust, then I prayed aloud.
I prayed to the Lord Orlmighty above,
For to shift that blinkin' wind,
But it kep' on blowin' the same ole way,
And the chap next me, 'e grinned.
'It's no use prayin',' 'e said, 'let's run,'
And we fairly took to our 'eels,
But the gas ran faster nor we could run,
And, Gawd, you know 'ow it feels!
Like a thousand rats and a million chats,
All tearin' away at your chest,
And your legs won't run, and you're fairly done,

And you've got to give up and rest.
Then the darkness comes, and ye knows no more
Till ye wakes in an 'orspital bed.
And some never knows nothin' more at all,
Like my pal Bill—'e's dead.
Now, 'ow was it 'E didn't shift that wind,
When I axed in the name o' the Lord?
With the 'orrer of death in every breath,
Still I prayed every breath I drawed.
That beat me clean, and I thought and I thought
Till I came near bustin' my 'ead.
It weren't for me I were grieved, ye see,
It were my pal Bill—'e's dead.
For me, I'm a single man, but Bill
'As kiddies at 'ome and a wife.
And why ever the Lord didn't shift that wind
I just couldn't see for my life.
But I've just bin readin' a story 'ere,
Of the night afore Jesus died,
And of 'ow 'E prayed in Gethsemane,
'Ow 'E fell on 'is face and cried.

Cried to the Lord Orlmighty above
Till 'E broke in a bloody sweat,
And 'E were the Son of the Lord, 'E were,
And 'E prayed to 'Im 'ard, and yet,
And yet 'E 'ad to go through wiv it, boys,
Just same as pore Bill what died.
'E prayed to the Lord, and 'E sweated blood,
And yet 'E were crucified.
But 'Is prayer were answered, I sees it now,
For though 'E were sorely tried,
Still 'E went wiv 'Is trust in the Lord unbroke,
And 'Is soul it were satisfied.
For 'E felt 'E were doin' God's Will, ye see,
What 'E came on the earth to do,
And the answer what came to the prayers 'E prayed
Was 'Is power to see it through;
To see it through to the bitter end,
And to die like a God at the last,
In a glory of light that were dawning bright
Wi' the sorrow of death all past.

And the Christ who was 'ung on the Cross
is God,
True God for me and you,
For the only God that a true man trusts
Is the God that sees it through.
And Bill, 'e were doin' 'is duty, boys,
What 'e came on the earth to do,
And the answer what came to the prayers
I prayed
Was 'is power to see it through.
To see it through to the very end,
And to die as my old pal died,
Wi' a thought for 'is pal and a prayer for
'is gal,
And 'is brave 'eart satisfied.

THE SECRET

YOU were askin' 'ow we sticks it,
Sticks this blarsted rain and mud,
'Ow it is we keeps on smilin'
When the place runs red wi' blood.
Since you're askin', I can tell ye,
And I thinks I tells ye true,
But it ain't official, mind ye,
It's a tip twixt me and you.
For the General thinks it's tactics,
And the bloomin' plans 'e makes.
And the C.O. thinks it's trainin',
And the trouble as he takes.
Sergeant-Major says it's drillin',
And 'is straffin' on parade,
Doctor swears it's sanitation,
And some patent stinks 'e's made.
Padre tells us its religion,
And the Spirit of the Lord;
But I ain't got much religion,
And I sticks it still, by Gawd.

Quarters kids us it's the rations,
And the dinners as we gets.
But I knows what keeps us smilin',
It's the Woodbine Cigarettes.
For the daytime seems more dreary,
And the night-time seems to drag
To eternity of darkness,
When ye 'aven't got a fag.
Then the rain seems some'ow wetter,
And the cold cuts twice as keen,
And ye keeps on seein' Boches,
What the Sargint 'asn't seen.
If ole Fritz 'as been and got ye,
And ye 'ave to stick the pain,
If ye 'aven't got a fag on,
Why it 'urts as bad again.
When there ain't no fags to pull at,
Then there's terror in the ranks.
That's the secret—(yes, I'll 'ave one)
Just a fag—and many Tanks.

CHRISTMAS

COME sail with me,
O'er the golden sea,
To the land where the rainbow ends.
Where the rainbow ends,
And the great earth bends,
To the weight of the starry sky.
Where tempests die
With a last fierce cry,
And never a wind is wild—
There's a Mother mild,
With a little child
Like a star set on her knee.
Then bow you down,
Give Him the crown,
'Tis the Lord of the world you see.

WAR

THERE'S a soul in the Eternal,
Standing stiff before the King.
There's a little English maiden
Sorrowing.
There's a proud and tearless woman,
Seeing pictures in the fire.
There's a broken battered body
On the wire.

A SCRAP OF PAPER

JUST a little scrap of paper
In a yellow envelope,
And the whole world is a ruin,
Even Hope.

A MOTHER UNDERSTANDS

DEAR LORD, I hold my hand to take
Thy Body, broken once for me,
Accept the Sacrifice I make,
My Body, broken, Christ, for Thee.

His was my body, born of me,
Born of my bitter travail pain,
And it lies broken on the field,
Swept by the wind and the rain.

Surely a Mother understands Thy thorn-crowned head,
The mystery of Thy piercèd hands—the Broken Bread.

HER GIFT

DEAD black against a blood red sky
It stands,
With outstretched hands,
The Calvary.
What can it mean,
Beyond the vain recalling of a scene,
A shameful scene of centuries ago?
And yet, if that be so,
How can it be,
For you and me,
A thing of any worth at all?
We've seen men die,
Not once, nor twice, but many times
In agony
As ghastly to behold as that.
We've seen men fall,
And rise, and staggering onward fall again,
Bedrenched in their own blood,
Fast flowing like a flood,
Of crimson sacrifice upon the snow.

We've seen, and would forget.
Why then should there be set
Before our eyes these monuments of crime?
It's time, high time,
That they were buried in the past;
There let them lie,
In that great sea of merciful oblivion,
Where our vile deeds,
And outworn creeds,
Are left to rot and die.
We would forget,
And yet,
Do you remember Rob McNeil
And how he died,
And cried,
And pleaded with his men
To take that gun,
And kill the Hun
That worked it dead?
He bled
Horribly. Do you remember?
I can't forget,
I would not if I could,
It were not right I should,
He died for me.

He was a God that Boy,
The only God I could adore.
And that reminds me I have something here
He wore.
He gave it me that night,
But because my heart was sore
With grief, I have not dared to look at it.
But here it is, a little leather case,
A picture, may be, of the face
That smiled upon him as a babe,
All wondering bright,
With Mother Light,
Of tenderest pride and Love.
The face that oft would dimple into laughter
At his first Baby tricks.
It is her gift—but look at it,
A little silver Crucifix.

ETERNAL HOPE

CAN the Father in His Justice burn in
Everlasting flame
Souls that sunk in foulest squalor never
knew the Father's Name?

Can the Love of man be greater than
Eternal Love divine?
Can the heart of God be harder than this
hardened heart of mine?

Can the pangs of Hell be endless, void of
object, void of gain,
Save to pay for years of sorrow with
Eternity of Pain?

Cursèd be the foul contortion, that hath
turned His Love to Hate,
That hath cried at death's dim portal,
'Enter here, and 'tis too late.'

Cruel pride and vain presumption claim to
grasp where angels grope,
'Tis not God but mean man blindness
dims the deathless star of Hope.

PATIENCE

SOMETIMES I wish that I might do
Just one grand deed and die,
And by that one grand deed reach up
To meet God in the sky.
But such is not Thy way, O God,
Not such is Thy decree,
But deed by deed, and tear by tear,
Our souls must climb to Thee,
As climbed the only Son of God
From manger unto Cross,
Who learned, through tears and bloody sweat,
To count this world but loss.

Who left the Virgin Mother's Arms
To seek those arms of shame,
Outstretched upon the lonely hill
To which the darkness came.
As deed by deed, and tear by tear,
He climbed up to the height,

Each deed a splendid deed, each tear
A Jewel shining bright,
So grant us, Lord, the patient heart,
To climb the upward way,
Until we stand upon the height,
And see the perfect day.

TRUTH

SUNSHINE and shadow,
And their strife,
Is that indeed the lot in life
That God has meted to the sons of men?
Through yon gold mist,
That God has kissed,
And waked to greater glory than the day,
Is that the way
By which we climb up to the final place,
And see God's face
Burn through the shadows at the last?
It has been so,
That much we know,
That is the very message of man's past,
We know in part,
But still the heart
Of very Truth seems far away.
Time turns our Truth to falsehood,
And a brighter day

Makes evening of our morning;
And round us once again the shadows
lie,
And hide the sun.
Our search is never done.
We stumble onward toward that light,
Too bright
For us to see unshadowed, lest we die.
O God, if that be life,
To take this strife,
And keep it up unbeaten to the end,
Then, God of mercy, send
One ray
Of thine own glory light
To touch our world to-day.
The shadows have departed,
And black night
Lies brooding over all the earth,
And hideous things find birth.
The world brings forth abortions,
And then weeps with bloody tears,
Because her womb is shamed,
Her children maimed,
And all her home become a wilderness of
sin.

The sun is darkened,
And the moon turned into blood
And down upon us sweeps a flood
Of Lust and Cruelty.
God sleeps,
Or is He dead,
And all that we have read
Of his great Love a lie,
That must be buried with the others
In the past,
The last,—the very last,
Sweet lie that we shall ever have,
To keep us from despair, which is the
Truth,
The cruel Truth?
More Light—More Light,
O God of Life, one Breath
Of air
Or else we die.
The shadows conquer
And we lie in darkness,
Darkness of despair
Which is the second death.

* * * * *

But look, the shadows weaken,
And the sun beats through.
'Tis True—God lives—I knew.
I think I always knew!

DEATH

BUT from its haven glides the white ship,
Kisses still linger warm on thy lip.
Follow it, Follow it, sweet April eyes,
Swift in the distance dim vision dies.
Nearer and nearer draws the dread line,
Bounding the heaven Love has made thine.
Lo! the line conquers, dead is the day,
Sunshine is shadowed, all the world grey.
Yet to thy loved one there is no line,
Still on before him, splendid, divine,
Rolls the broad ocean out to the West,
Gleams of gold glory crest upon crest,
Till it breaks thunder on the far shore,
Where he awaits thee, thine evermore.
So when thou standest, waiting for death,
Watching thy dearest draw his last breath,
Nearer and nearer draws the dark mist,
Colder than kindness lips that are kissed.
Silent he leaves thee over the line,
Night shadows o'er thee, still the stars shine.

For to thy dearest there is no death,
Only a gentle murmuring breath,
Wind of God wafts him over life's sea,
On to the shores of Eternity.

PARADISE

WHEN machine guns start to play
At the ending of the day,
And the sun's last burning ray
Bleeds and dies.
When the sable warp of night
Is first cleft by silver light,
With its sudden curving flight
Of surprise.
It is then that England calls
From its cottages and halls,
And we think of four dear walls
And her eyes.
When the children's prayer is said,
And they lie tucked up in bed,
And the fire is burning red,
Paradise.

THE SPIRIT

WHEN there ain't no gal to kiss you,
And the postman seems to miss you,
And the fags have skipped an issue,
Carry on.

When ye've got an empty belly,
And the bulley's rotten smelly,
And you're shivering like a jelly,
Carry on.

When the Boche has done your chum in,
And the sergeant's done the rum in,
And there ain't no rations comin',
Carry on.

When the world is red and reeking,
And the shrapnel shells are shrieking,
And your blood is slowly leaking,
Carry on.

When the broken battered trenches,
Are like bloody butchers' benches,
And the air is thick with stenches,
Carry on.

Carry on,
Though your pals are pale and wan,
And the hope of life is gone,
Carry on.
For to do more than you can,
Is to be a British man,
Not a rotten "also ran,"
Carry on.

THE SUFFERING GOD

IF He could speak, that victim torn and bleeding,
Caught in His pain and nailed upon the Cross,
Has He to give the comfort souls are needing?
Could He destroy the bitterness of loss?

Once and for all men say He came and bore it,
Once and for all set up His throne on high,
Conquered the world and set His standard o'er it,
Dying that once that men might never die.

Yet men are dying, dying soul and body,
Cursing the God who gave to them their birth,
Sick of the world with all its sham and shoddy,
Sick of the lies that darken all the earth.

Peace we were pledged, yet blood is ever flowing,
Where on the earth has Peace been ever found?
Men do but reap the harvest of their sowing,
Sadly the songs of human reapers sound.

Sad as the winds that sweep across the ocean,
Telling to earth the sorrow of the sea.
Vain is my strife, just empty idle motion,
All that has been is all there is to be.

So on the earth the time waves beat in thunder,
Bearing wrecked hopes upon their heaving breasts,
Bits of dead dreams, and true hearts torn asunder,
Flecked with red foam upon their crimson crests.

How can it be that God can reign in glory,
Calmly content with what His Love has done,

Reading unmoved the piteous shameful
story,
All the vile deeds men do beneath the
sun?

Are there no tears in the heart of the Eter-
nal?
Is there no pain to pierce the soul of
God?
Then must He be a fiend of Hell infernal,
Beating the earth to pieces with His rod.

Or is it just that there is nought behind
it,
Nothing but forces purposeless and blind?
Is the last thing, if mortal man could find
it,
Only a power wand'ring as the wind?

Father, if He, the Christ, were Thy Revealer,
Truly the First Begotten of the Lord,
Then must Thou be a Suff'rer and
Healer,
Pierced to the heart by the sorrow of the
sword.

Then must it mean, not only that Thy sorrow
Smote Thee that once upon the lonely tree,
But that to-day, to-night, and on the morrow,
Still it will come, O Gallant God, to Thee.

Red with His blood the better day is dawning,
Pierced by His pain the storm clouds roll apart,
Rings o'er the earth the message of the morning,
Still on the Cross the Saviour bares his heart.

Passionately fierce the voice of God is pleading,
Pleading with men to arm them for the fight,
See how those hands, majestically bleeding,
Call us to rout the armies of the night.

Not to the work of sordid selfish saving
Of our own souls to dwell with Him on high,
But to the soldier's splendid selfless braving,
Eager to fight for Righteousness and die.

Peace does not mean the end of all our striving,
Joy does not mean the drying of our tears,
Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving,
Up to the light where God Himself appears.

Joy is the wine that God is ever pouring
Into the hearts of those who strive with Him,
Light'ning their eyes to vision and adoring,
Strength'ning their arms to warfare glad and grim.

So would I live and not in idle resting,
Stupid as swine that wallow in the mire,
Fain would I fight, and be for ever breasting,
Danger and death for ever under fire.

Bread of Thy Body give me for my fighting,
Give me to drink Thy Sacred Blood for wine,
While there are wrongs that need me for the righting,
While there is warfare splendid and divine.

Give me, for light, the sunshine of Thy sorrow,
Give me for shelter shadow of Thy Cross,
Give me to share the glory of Thy morrow,
Gone from my heart the bitterness of Loss.

TWO WORLDS

IN the valleys down below,
Where the fairest flowers blow,
And the brook runs babbling nonsense to the sea,
Underneath the shady trees,
We two sauntered at our ease,
Just a pleasant little world for you and me.

Then the summons of the Lord,
Like a sudden silver sword,
Came and cut our little pleasant world in two,
One fierce world of strife and hate,
One sad world where women wait,
And we wander far apart, dear, I and you.

And it may be, with this breath,
There will come the call of death,
And will put another world twixt you and me.

You will stand with God above,
I will stand twixt pride and Love,
Looking out through mists of sorrow o'er
the sea.

For the world in God is one,
And when all our strife is done,
There will dawn the perfect world for you
and me,
When we two together stand,
Looking upwards, hand in hand,
Where the fires of Love have burned up
ev'ry sea.

ENGLISH LAND IN FRANCE

IN among her golden cornfields,
Where the blood-red poppies dance,
In a thousand sunny valleys,
There is English land in France.

What our fathers failed to conquer
By the weakness of the sword,
That we have and hold for ever
By the power of the Lord.

All that endless ancient warfare
Was but bitter barren loss,
But the heart of France was conquered,
When we marked it with the Cross.

As the Holy Virgin Mother
Held the Christ Child to her breast;
So France holds these sunlit gardens
Where the Sons of England rest.

Looking down, with eyes of wonder,
On that tiny pledge of Peace,
Dreaming dreams of dawning splendour,
When the curse of War shall cease.

HIS MATE

THERE'S a broken battered village
Somewhere up behind the line,
There's a dug-out and a bunk there,
That I used to say were mine.

I remember how I reached them,
Dripping wet and all forlorn,
In the dim and dreary twilight
Of a weeping summer dawn.

All that week I'd buried brothers,
In one bitter battle slain,
In one grave I laid two hundred.
God! What sorrow and what rain!

And that night I'd been in trenches,
Seeking out the sodden dead,
And just dropping them in shell holes,
With a service swiftly said.

For the bullets rattled round me,
But I couldn't leave them there,
Water-soaked in flooded shell holes,
Reft of common Christian prayer.

So I crawled round on my belly,
And I listened to the roar
Of the guns that hammered Thiepval,
Like big breakers on the shore.

Then there spoke a dripping sergeant,
When the time was growing late,
'Would you please to bury this one,
'Cause 'e used to be my mate?'

So we groped our way in darkness
To a body lying there,
Just a blacker lump of blackness,
With a red blotch on his hair.

Though we turned him gently over,
Yet I still can hear the thud,
As the body fell face forward,
And then settled in the mud.

We went down upon our faces,
And I said the service through,
From 'I am the Resurrection'
To the last, the great 'adieu.'

We stood up to give the Blessing,
And commend him to the Lord,
When a sudden light shot soaring
Silver swift and like a sword.

At a stroke it slew the darkness,
Flashed its glory on the mud,
And I saw the sergeant staring
At a crimson clot of blood.

There are many kinds of sorrow
In this world of Love and Hate,
But there is no sterner sorrow
Than a soldier's for his mate.

APRIL

BREATH of Spring,
Not come, but coming,
In the air.
Life of earth, not lived
But living,
Everywhere.
Promises, not made,
Nor broken,
But the token
Of promises that will be made.
Sunshine seeking shade,
Red earth, that smiles,
And asks for seed,
And mossy woodland paths, that lead
To where the yellow primrose grows.
And so for many coloured miles
Of open smiling France,
While noisy little streamlets dance,
In diamond mirrored suns,

To meet the stately Mother stream that
flows,
With shining dignity,
To greet her Lord the sea,
And far away, beyond the hills, one hears,
Poor village Mother, hence thy tears,
The muffled thunder of the guns.

"THE ENDING OF THE DAY"

TOIL is over,
Scent of clover,
Gleams with gold the western way.
Farewell sorrow,
Till to-morrow,
'Tis the ending of the day.

Shyly sweetly,
So discreetly,
Trips she down the lovers' way.
Darling this is
Time for kisses,
'Tis the ending of the day.

Silvery moonshine,
All the world mine,
Drink we Love's wine while we may,
Time is flying,
Leaves are dying,
'Tis the ending of the day.

Love is sweetest,
Frailest, fleetest,
Of the joys that will not stay;
Kisses deeper
Cannot keep her,
'Tis the ending of the day.

Life is over,
Dead the clover,
All the world is growing grey.
Barren blisses,
Colder kisses,
'Tis the ending of the day.

WHAT'S THE GOOD?

WELL, I've done my bit o' scrappin',
And I've done in quite a lot;
Nicked 'em neatly wiv my bayonet,
So I needn't waste a shot.
'Twas my duty, and I done it,
But I 'opes the doctor's quick,
For I wish I 'adn't done it,
Gawd! it turns me shamed and sick.

There's a young 'un like our Richard,
And I bashed 'is 'ead in two,
And there's that ole grey 'aired geezer
Which I stuck 'is belly through.
Gawd, you women, wives and mothers,
It's sich waste of all your pain,
If you knowed what I'd been doin',
Could yer kiss me still, my Jane?

When I sets me dahn to tell yer
What it means to scrap and fight

Could I tell ye true and honest,
  Make ye see this bleedin' sight.
No I couldn't and I wouldn't,
  It would turn your 'air all grey,
Women suffers 'ell to bear us,
  And we suffers 'ell to slay.
I suppose some Fritz went courtin'
  In the gloamin' same as me,
And the old world turned to 'eaven
  When they kissed beneath a tree.
And each evening seemed more golden,
  Till the day as they was wed,
And 'is bride stood shy and blushin',
  Like a June rose, soft and red.
I remembers 'ow it were, lass,
  On that silver night in May,
When ye 'ung your 'ead and whispered
  That ye couldn't say me nay.
Then, when June brought in the roses
  And you changed your maiden name,
'Ow ye stood there, shy and blushin',
  When the call of evening came.
    I remembers 'ow I loved ye,
      When ye arsked me in your pride

'Ow I'd liked my Sunday dinner
As ye nestled at my side.
For between a thousand races
Lands may stretch and seas may foam,
But it makes no bloomin' difference,
Boche or Briton, 'ome is 'ome.
I remember what 'e cost ye,
When I gave ye up for dead,
As I 'eld your 'and and watched ye
With the little lad in bed.

'Struth I wish 'e'd stop 'is lookin',
And shut up 'is bloomin' eyes.
'Cause I keeps on seein' Richard
When I whacks 'im and 'e cries.
Damn the blasted war to 'ell, lass,
It's just bloody rotten waste,
Then as gas on war and glory
Oughter come and 'ave a taste.
Yes, I larned what women suffers
When I seed you stand the test,
But you knowed as it were worth it
When 'e felt to find your breast.

All your pain were clean forgotten
When you touched 'is little 'ead,
And ye sat up proud and smilin',
With a living lad in bed.
But we suffers too—we suffers,
Like the damned as groans in 'ell,
And we 'aven't got no Babies,
Only mud, and blood, and smell.
'Tain't the suff'rin' as I grouse at,
I can stick my bit o' pain;
But I keeps on allus askin'
What's the good and who's to gain?
When ye've got "a plain objective"
Ye can fight your fight and grin,
But there ain't no damned objective,
And there ain't no prize to win.
We're just like a lot o' bullocks
In a blarsted china shop,
Bustin' all the world to blazes,
'Cause we dunno 'ow to stop.
Trampling years of work and wonder
Into dust beneath our feet,
And the one as does most damage
Swears that victory is sweet.

It's a sweet as turns to bitter,
  Like the bitterness of gall,
And the winner knows 'e's losin'
  If 'e stops to think at all.
I suppose this ain't the spirit
  Of the Patriotic man.
Didn't ought to do no thinkin',
  Soldiers just kill all they can.
But we carn't 'elp thinkin' sometimes,
  Though our business is to kill,
War 'as turned us into butchers,
  But we're only 'uman still.
Gawd knows well I ain't no thinker,
  And I never knew before,
But I knows now why I'm fightin',
  It's to put an end to war.
Not to make my country richer
  Or to keep her flag unfurled,
Over every other nation
  Tyrant mistress of the world.
Not to boast of Britain's glory,
  Bought by bloodshed in her wars,
But that Peace may shine about her,
  As the sea shines round her shores.

If ole Fritz believes in fightin',
And obeys 'is War Lord's will,
Well until 'e stops believin',
It's my job to fight and kill.
But the Briton ain't no butcher,
'E's a peaceful cove at 'eart,
And it's only 'cause 'e 'as to,
That 'e plays the butcher's part.
'Cause I 'as to—that's the reason
Why I done the likes o' this,
You're an understanding woman,
And you won't refuse your kiss.
Women pity soldiers' sorrow,
That can bring no son to birth,
Only death and devastation,
Darkness over all the earth.
We won't 'ave no babe to cuddle,
Like a blessing to the breast,
We'll just 'ave a bloody mem'ry
To disturb us when we rest.
But the kids will someday bless us,
When they grows up British men,
'Cause we tamed the Prussian tyrant,
And brought Peace to earth again.

RIGHT IS MIGHT

AH yes, I know full well, this is,
It has to be, the end of things.
But would to God it were not so,
And we could live eternally,
As we lived that one last moment,
When you lay within my arms.
I never lived before, dear heart.
But that, alas! can never be,
It must be just a golden flash,
Like blooms that for a day adorn
The many splendoured garb of God.
Then fading, fall to rot and die,
Returning, like poor ravished maids
To Mother earth, so coldly kind.
So must this moment of our lives,
Wherein their meaning has found bloom,
Be swallowed in that waste of years,
In which we do not live, but drift,
Drift outward with the tide of time,
To that dark land which no man knows.

It must be so. But why, dear, why?
Why should we not make permanent
That paradisic moment of the past?
One movement, just a sign from you,
And once again our paradise
Would fold us both in such embrace
Of purest bliss, that conscience care
Could not pierce through to wound and maim.
Why then should we stand thus, ashamed,
With frightened eyes, like children caught
In some too sweet forbidden play?
Come, child, be brave, and take what's yours
For less than asking. Raise your eyes,
One glance from them and heaven's ours.
What, downcast still? A miracle.
What is there stands twixt you and me?
What can there be so strong, that it
Avails to keep those eyes downcast,
Wherein I saw, a moment back,
The lamps of love gleam passionate?
'Tis God,' you say. Then cursed be God
Who blights the beauty that I saw,

As though in this drab dreary world,
Such beauty were a common thing,
And human souls were not half starved
And stunted by the lack of that,
Which gleamed in glory from your eyes.
Curse God who makes the Lily die,
And rapes its beauty from the rose,
Who bids the sunset flame and fade,
And overburdens life with death.
Who gives our hearts enough to make
Us long for more, then takes away
The little that we have. Who turns
Our sweetest passions into pains,
And will not give us even Peace,
Not even Peace in death, for we
Are tortured by our dream that death
Is dawn of immortality.
These endless ever ending joys,
Whose aching beauty contradicts
The desperate hope of death they teach,
Still lure us on into the mist,
Where Truth abides. If Truth there be.
I know. 'Tis madness. Wind and words.
A sod defies its God. Poor fool!
I do but hurl myself, my soul,

In futile fury 'gainst a wall
Immovable, not built with hands.
There must be Truth, since you are True.
This beauty dies at birth because
It is not Right. O Power of Right,
That Thou should'st meet and conquer
might,
Is but a little thing; thy strength
Is only fully shown, when Thou
Dost meet and conquer Love like mine.
Farewell, Sweet soul of mine, farewell.

JUDGMENT

There Is Mercy With Thee, Therefore Shalt Thou Be Feared

I SAW no thronged angelic court, I saw
no great white throne,
I saw no open Judgment books, I seemed
to stand alone.
I seemed to stand alone beside a solemn
sounding sea,
While, at my feet upon the shore, broke
waves of memory.
Their murmuring music sobbed and sought
a way into my soul,
The perfect past was present there, and I
could see it whole,
Its beauty and its ugliness, its sorrow and
its sin,
Its splendour and its sordidness, as wave
on wave rolled in.
And ever deeper pierced the pain of all
that I had lost,

My dear dead dreams of perfect things, I saw them tempest-tossed.
They fell like wreckage at my feet, and, as I turned them o'er,
The solemn waves, in Memory's caves, kept booming 'Nevermore!'
There came one dream, more dear than all, a corpse without a head,
The flying spray hissed cowardice, and it was dead, cold dead.
Then suddenly a shadow fell, and I was not alone,
He stood with me beside the sea, and listened to its moan.
I did not dare to raise my eyes, I feared what I might see,
A cold sweat broke and bathed my brow, I longed to turn and flee,
But could not; rooted there I stood, in shiv'ring shame and fear.
The subtle shadow substance took, and nearer came, and near.
O was it days or was it years, we stood beside that sea,

Or was it æons, timeless times? It seemed
eternity.
At last, compelled, I raised my eyes. Two
eyes looked into mine,
And shattered all my soul with shame, so
sad and so divine.
It palsied all my pride with pain, the ter-
ror of those tears,
And wrought into my soul the woe of all
my wasted years.
Depart from me, I cried, depart, I cannot
stand with Thee
And face the sorrow of those eyes, beside
this cruel sea.
Depart from me, I dare not tread the
sands those feet have trod,
Nor look into those eyes that tell the
agony of God.
For there is written all the tale of my
soul's trat'rous tryst,
The sordidness of sin that seared the
splendid eyes of Christ.
Depart, I cried, and He was gone. I stood
there all alone,

In silence save that Memory's sea still
made perpetual moan.
Night shadowed all, and wandering winds
came wailing from afar,
But out across the darkening sea shone
forth one single star.

WAIT

SILVER clouds and a flying moon,
Wail, ye winds, to the reapers' tune
For the dead white face upturned.
Two grey eyes, all dim with tears,
Bleak, how bleak are the barren ears,
When the fires of love are burned.
Two brave souls, and the great white King.
The end and the aim of everything
Is the Peace of God well earned.

TREES

ONCE glistering green,
With dewy sheen,
And summer glory round them cast.
Now black and bare,
The trees stand there,
And mourn their beauty that is past.

Look, leaf by leaf,
Each leaf a grief.
The hand of Autumn strips them bare.
No sound nor cry,
As they fall and die,
Because they know that Life is there.

So stiff and strong,
The winter long,
All uncomplaining stand the trees.
God make my life,
Through all its strife,
As true to Spring as one of these.

So would I stand,
Serene and Grand,
While age strips off the joys of youth.
Because I know
That, as they go,
My soul draws nearer to the Truth.

He is the Truth,
In very sooth,
The Word made flesh, who dwelt with men,
And the world shall ring
With the song of Spring,
When thy soul turns to its Lord again.

When God's soft breath,
That men call death,
Falls gently on thy closing eyes.
Thy youth, that goes
Like the red June rose,
Shall burst to bloom in Paradise.

WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR?

By an Irishman

SURE we're off to see the Kaiser,
Just to make him somewhat wiser,
And to tell him what we think of sich as he.
For he's clane outrageous barmy,
And we'll give him British Army,
When we've made a way to Berlin-on-the-Spree.

And we're afther little Willie,
Just to show him that he's silly,
And to give him some respect for sich as we.
For he's off his onion too,
And he'll find it's all napoo,
When we've made a way to Berlin-on-the-Spree.

'Tis thase Huns have nasty habits,
And they brade loike bunny rabbits,
They're as plentiful as fishes in the sea.

They're a European pest,
To the lot of 'em bad cest,
We've got to get to Berlin-on-the-Spree.

'Tisn't only that we hate 'em,
But we've got to up and bate 'em,
'Cause we want to set the whole world free
From the Kaiser and his Krupps,
And his brade o' Prussian Pups,
So we've got to get to Berlin-on-the-Spree.

Little Mick O'Brien's sisther,
Oi remimber when Oi kissed her,
Says that Oireland is as restless as can be;
Sure the boys beyant Killarney
Would have had a bether barney
If they'd come wid us to Berlin-on-the-Spree.

When ye've got no dacint foight,
Thin it's only just and roight,
Puttin' up a proivate scrap for two or three;
But wid millions on the go,
Proivate scrappin' is no go,
We've got to get to Berlin-on-the-Spree.

So we're prayin' for the kiddies,
And to comfort all the widdies,
And to give a thought just now and then to we;
And we're straffin' hell for leather,
Wid' the divil in the weather,
For to make a way to Berlin-on-the-Spree.

Whin ye come to tell the story
Of thase days of blood and glory,
Will ye find a little place for sich as we?
Will their blood blot out the shame
That has stained the Oirish name,
Who have doied to get to Berlin-on-the-Spree.

The United Library
Garrett-Evangelical/Seabury-Western Seminaries
2121 Sheridan Road
Evanston, IL 60201

THE UNITED LIBRARY
3 5560 000 415 044